WIFELY INFLUENCE.

IT MAKES OR MARS THE FORTUNES OF MANY MEN.

Dr. Talmage Discourses on an Extremely the Days of Elisha-Christian Fortitude and Resignation.

Brooklyn, Ang. 20.—Rev. Dr. Tal-mage chose for his subject today one of special interest to the gentler sex, the announced topic being "A Great Wom-an, and the text II Kings iv, 8, "And ft feil on a day that Elisha passed to Shunem, where was a great woman."

The hotel of our time had no counterpart in any entertainment of olden time. The vast majority of travelers must then be entertained at private abode. Here comes Elisha, a servant of the Lord, on a divine mission, and he must find shelter. A balcony overlooking the valley of Esdraelon is offered him in a private house, and it is especially furnished for his occupancy-a chair to sit on, a table from which to eat, a candlestick by which to read and a bed on which to slumber-the whole establishment belonging to a great and good wo-

Her husband it, seems, was a godly man, but he was entirely overshadowed by his wife's excellencies, just as now you sometimes find in a household the wife the center of dignity and influence and power, not by any arrogance or presumption, but by superior intellect and force of moral nature wielding domestic affairs and at the same time supervising all financial and business affairs, the wife's hand on the shuttle, on the banking house, on the worldly business. You see hundreds of men who are successful only because there is a reason at home why they are successful.

If a man marry a good, honest soul, he makes his fortune. If he marry a fool, the Lord help him! The wife may be the silent partner in the firm, there may be only masculine voices down on exchange, but there oftentime comes from the home circle a potential and elevating influence.

A SUPERIOR WOMAN.

This woman of my text was the superior of her husband. He, as far as l can understand, was what we often see in our day-a man of large fortune and only a modicum of brain, intensely quiet, sitting a long while in the same place without moving hand or foot-if you say "yes," responding "yes;" if you say "no," responding "no"—inane, eyes half shut, mouth wide open, maintaining his position in society only because he has a large patrimony. But his wife, my text says, was a great woman.

Her name has not come down to us.

She belonged to that collection of people who need no name to distinguish them. What would title of duchess or princess or queen-what would escutcheon or gleaming diadem-be to this woman of my text, who, by her intelligence and her behavior, challenges the admiration of all ages? Long after the brilliant women of the court of Louis XV bave been forgotten, and the brilliant women of the court of Spain have been forgotten, and the brilliant women who sat on mighty thrones have been forgotten, some grandfather will put on his spectacles, and holding the book the other side the light read to his grandchildren the story of this great woman of Shunem who was so kind and courteous and Christian to the good prophet Elisha. Yes, she was a great woman.

In the first place, she was great in her hospitalities. Uncivilized and barbarous pations honor this virtue. Jupiter had the surname of the hospitable, and he was said especially to avenge the wrongs of strangers. Homer extolled it in his verse. The Arabs are punctilious upon this subject, and among some of their of disaster? Under the pelting of ages tribes it is not until the ninth day of of suffering the great heart of the world tarrying that the occupant has a right to has burst with woe. ask his guest, "Who and whence art thou?" If this virtue is so honored even among barbarians, how ought it to be honored among those of us who believe in the Bible, which commands us to use hospitality one toward another without

grudging? Of course I do not mean under this cover to give any idea that I approve of that vagrant class who go around from of 6,000 years? Etns and Cotopaxi and place to place ranging their whole life-time perhaps under the auspices of some benevolent or philanthropic societing retching up from its depths the lava ty, quartering themselves on Christian and the scoria and pouring them down families, with a great pile of trunks in the sides to whelm the nations? Oh, if I the hall and carpetbag portentous of could gather all the heartstrings, the tarrying. There is many a country parsonage that looks out week by week upon the ominous arrival of wagon with creaking wheel and lank horse and dilapidated driver, come under the auspices of some charitable institution to spend a few weeks and canvass the neighborhood. Let no such religious tramps take advantage of this beautiful virtue of Christian hospitality.
GRACES OF HOSPITALITY.

Not so much the sumptuousness of your diet and the regality of your abode will impress the friend or the stranger that steps across your threshold as the warmth of your greeting, the informality of your reception, the reiteration by grasp and by look and by a thousand attentions, insignificant attentions, of your earnestness of welcome. There dren be gone, though my home be broken will be high appreciation of your welcome, although you have nothing but the brazen candlestick and the plain chair to offer Elisha when he comes to

Most beautiful is this grace of hospitality when shown in the house of God. I where strangers are always welcome, and there is not a state in the Union in which I have not heard the affability of the ushers of our church complimented. But I have entered churches where there was no hospitality. A stranger would stand in the vestibule for awhile and then make pilgrimage up the long aisle. No door opened to him until, finshed and excited and embarrassed, he started pew with apologetic air entered it, while and the old country minister said to him, the occupants glared on him with a look "Mr. Talmage, how do you feel now as which seemed to say, "Well, if I must, I | you are about to pass the Jordan of

Christian influence in community cul-

A good man traveling in the far west, in the wilderness, was overtaken by Interesting Subject-A Great Woman of night and storm, and he put in at a cabin. He saw firearms along the beams of the cabin, and he felt alarmed. He did not know but that he had fallen into a den of thieves. He sat there greatly perturbed. After awhile the man of the house came home with a gun on his shoulder and set it down in a corner. The stranger was still more alarmed. After awhile the man of the house whispered with his wife, and the stranger thought his destruction was being planned.

Then the man of the house came forward and said to the stranger: "Stranger, we are a rough and rude people out here, and we work hard for a living. We make our living by hunting, and when we come to the nightfall we are tired, and we are apt to go to bed early, and before retiring we are always in the habit of reading a chapter from the word of God and making a prayer. If you don't like such things, if you will just step outside the door until we get through I'll be greatly obliged to you." Of course the stranger tarried in the room, and the old hunter took hold of the horns of the altar and brought down the blessing of God upon his household and upon the stranger within their gates. Rude but glorious Christian hospitality!

WELCOME GOD'S MESSENGER. Again, this woman in my text was great in her kindness toward God's messenger. Elisha may have been a stranger in that household, but as she found ont he had come on a divine mission he was cordially welcome. We have a great many books in our day about the hardships of ministers and the trials of Christian ministers. I wish somebody would write a book about the joys of the Christian minister-about the sympathies all around him, about the kindnesses, about the genial considerations

Does sorrow come to our home and is there a shadow on the cradle, there are hundreds of hands to help, and many who weary not through the long night watching, and hundreds of prayers going up that God would restore the sick. Is there a burning, brimming cup of calamity placed on the pastor's table, are there not many to help him to drink of that cup and who will not be comforted because he is stricken? Oh, for somebody to write a book about the rewards of the Christian minister-about his surroundings of Christian sympathy!

This woman of the text was only a type of thousands of men and women who come down from the mansion and from the cot to do kindness to the Lord's servants. I suppose the men of Shunem had to pay the bills, but it was the large hearted Christian sympathies of the women of Shunem that looked after the Lord's messenger!

Again, this woman in the text was great in her behavior under trouble.

Her only son had died on her lap. A very bright light went out in that house-The sacred writer puts it very tersely when he says, "He sat on her the writer goes on to say that she exknees until noon, and then he died." Yet claimed, "It is well!" Great in prosperity, this woman was great in trouble.

THE SAHARA OF SORROW. Where are the feet that have not been blistered on the hot sands of this great Sahara? Where are the shoulders that have not been bent under the burden of grief? Where is the ship sailing over glassy sea that has not after awhile been caught in a cyclone? Where is the garden of earthly comfort but trouble hath hitched up its fiery and panting team and gone through it with burning plowshare of disaster? Under the pelting of ages

Navigators tell us about the rivers, and the Amazon and the Danube and the Mississippi have been explored, but who can tell the depth or length of the great river of sorrow made up of tears and blood rolling through all lands and all ages, bearing the wreck of families and of communities and of empires-foam-Vesuvins have been described, but who has ever sketched the volcano of sufferplay on it a dirge such as was never

sounded. Mythologists tell us of Gorgon and Centaur and Titan, and geologists tell us of extinct species of monsters, but greater than Gordon or megatherium, and not belonging to the realm of fable, and not of an extinct species, is a monster with iron jaw and iron hoofs walking across the nations, and history and poetry and sculpture, in their attempt to sketch it and describe it, have seemed to sweat great dro s of blood.

CHRISTIAN FORTITUDE. But, thank God, there are those who can conquer as this woman of the text conquered and say: "It is well! Though my property be gone, though my chilup, though my health be sacrificed, it is well, it is well!" There is no storm on the sea but Christ is ready to rise in the hinder part of the ship and hush it. There is no darkness but the constellations of God's eternal love can illumine it, and though the winter comes out of am thankful that I am pastor of a church the northern sky you have sometimes seen the northern sky all ablaze with auroras that seem to say: "Come up this way. Up this way are thrones of light, and seas of sapphire, and the splendor of an eternal heaven. Come up this way." We may, like the ships, fly tempest be tossed On perilous deeps, but cannot be lost. Though estan enrage the wind and the tide, The promise assures us the Lord will provide.

I heard an echo of my text in a very backagain, and coming to some half filled dark hour, when my father lay dying,

every church that would maintain large very well; all is well," lifting his hand in a benediction, a speechless benedic-Of course it was well.

Again, this woman of my text was great in her application to domestic duties. Every picture is a home picture, whether she is entertaining an Elisha, or whether she is giving careful attention to her sick boy, or whether she is appealing for the restoration of her propertyevery picture in her case is a home pic-Those are not disciples of this Shunemite woman who, going out to attend to outside charities, neglect the duty of home-the duty of wife, of mother, of daughter. No faithfulness in public ben-efaction can ever atone for domestic neg-mother's hands. As we stood there by

There has been many a mother who by indefatigable toil has reared a large cloudle family of children, equipping them for the duties of life with good manners and large intelligence and Christian princiunder ple, starting them out, who has done more for the world than many another woman whose name has sounded through all the lands and through all centuries.

I remember when Kessuth was in this country there were some ladies who got reputation, honorable reputation, by presenting him very gracefully with bouquets of flowers on public occasions, but what was all that compared with the work of the plain Hungarian mother who gave to truth and civilization and the cause of universal liberty a Kossuth? Yes, this woman of my text was great in Yes, tans, her simplicity.

When the prophet wanted to reward her for her hospitality by asking some preferment from the king, what did she say? She declined it. She said: "I dwell among my own people," as much as to say: "I am satisfied with my lot. All I want is my family and my friends around me. I dwell among my own people." Oh, what a rebuke to the strife for precedence in all ages!

How many there are who want to get great architecture and homes furnished with all art, all painting, all statuary, who have not enough taste to distinguish between gothic and byzantine, and who could not tell a figure in plaster of paris from Palmer's "White Captive," and would not know a boy's penciling from Bierstadt's "Yosemite"—men who buy large libraries by the square foot, buying these libraries when they have hardly enough education to pick out the day of the almanac! Oh, how many there are striving to have things as well as their neighbors, or better than their neighbors, and in the struggle vast fortunes are exhausted and business firms thrown into bankruptcy, and men of reputed honesty rush into astounding forgeries.

Of course I say nothing against refinement or culture. Splender of abode, sumptuousness of diet, lavishness in art, neatness in apparel-there is nothing against them in the Bible or out of the Bible. God does not want us to prefer mud hovel to English cottage, or untanned sheepskin to French broadcloth, or husks to pineapple, or the clumsiness of a boor to the manners of a gentleman. God, who strung the beach with tinted shell and the grass of the field with the dews of the night and hath exquisitely tinged morning cloud and robin red breast, wants us to keep our eye open to you ought not to inventory the luxuries of the text, who, when offered kingly preferment, responded, "I dwell among my own people."

WOMAN'S DEBT TO CHRISTIANITY.
Yea, this woman of the text was great in her plety, faith in God, and she was not ashamed to talk about it before idolsters. Ah, woman will never appreciate what she owes to Christianity until she knows and sees the degradation of her sex under paganism and Mohammedanism. Her very birth considered a misfortune. Sold like cattle in the shambles. Slave of all work, and at last her body fuel for the funeral pyre of her hus-

Above the shrick of the fire worshipvoiced groan of wronged, insulted, bro-ken hearted, downtrodden woman. Her tears have fallen in the Nile and Tigris drinks and dainty edibles. Around the and the La Piata and on the steppes of of Tartary. She has been dishonored in bloomed in profusion. Turkish garden and Persian palace and Spanish Alhambra. Her little ones have been sacrificed in the Ganges. There is not a groan, or a dungeon, or an island, or a mountain, or a river, or " est pansies. There were gorgeous nas sea but could tell a story of the outrages turtiums and a long box of mountain heaped upon her.

tianity comes forth, and all the chains of the trellis. But it is at evening that the this vassalage are snapped, and she rises roof garden is pleasantest, especially up from ignominy to exalted sphere and when lighted by the moon and when disbecomes the affectionate daughter, the tance lends enchantment to the numergentle wife, the honored mother, the ous street bands.-Boston Courier. useful Christian. Oh, if Christianity has done so much for woman, surely woman will become its most ardent advocate and its sublimest exemplification!

must." Away with such accursed in. death?" He replied-and it was the last | dren wealth or honor, but I do ask that decency from the house of God! Let thing he ever said-"I feel well; I feel they all may be the subjects of thy comforting grace!" Her 11 children brought into the kingdom of God, she had but one more wish, and that was that she ture Sabbath by Sabbath this beautiful tion, which I pray God may go down one more wish, and that was that she grace of Christian hospitality. son, and when the ship from China anchored in New York harbor and the long absent one passed over the threshold of his paternal home she said, "Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.

The prayer was soon answered. It was an autumnal day when we gathered from afar and found only the house from which the soul had fied forever. She looked very natural, the hands very much as when they were employed in kindness for her children. Whatever else the casket we could not help but say, "Don't she look beautiful?" It was a cloudless day when, with heavy hearts, we carried her out to the last resting The withered leaves crumbled under hoof and wheel as we passed, and the sun shone on the Raritan river until it looked like fire; but more calm and beautiful and radiant was the setting sun of that aged pilgrim's life. No more toil, no more tears, no more sickness, no more death. Dear mother! Beautiful mother!

Sweet is the slumber beneath the sod, While the pure spirit rests with God.

I need not go back and show you Zen obia or Semiramis or Isabella or even the woman of the text as wonders of womanly excellence or greatness when I in this moment point to your own picture gallery of memory, and show you the one face that you remember so well, and arouse all your holy reminiscences, and start you in new consecration to God by the pronunciation of that tender, beautiful, glorious word, "Mother, moth-

Mr. Roberts' Check For a Cent. A few days ago a story was published of a check for 4 cents drawn on a New York national bank and posted as a curiosity in the office of a heavy broker in Wall street. T. P. Roberts of this city has a draft which as a curiosity outranks the 4 cent check and is on a par with the famous Bank of England note

for a penny. From 1886 to 1888 Mr. Roberts was postmaster at Hazen, N. D., and on Jan. i, 1891, in settlement of his final account with the authorities at Washington, he received a draft on the postmaster at Chicago for 1 cent and signed an imposing formal receipt, which was sent back to Washington. The draft was in the usual form, and the paper on which it was engraved must have been worth nearly its face value. Check marks upon it showed that it had passed through many hands, and it bore the signatures

of those high in authority.

A careful computation shows that the issuing of that draft for 1 cent cost the postoffice department in time and wages at least \$14. Mr. Roberts has been offered \$20 for it as a curiosity, but says he won't part with it for several times that sum. Some time after he got the draft Mr. Roberts received a notification from Washington that unless it was presented within six months it would not be paid without renewal, but he never has been reduced to such financial straits that he was compelled to have it cashed.

So it will remain outstanding, to be carried on and on in the bo all beautiful cadences, and our heart department, causing profanity among open to all elevating sentiments. But the clerks who are making up the balwhat I want to impress upon you is that ances and inquiring comments by new sets of officials who come into office with of life as among the indispensables, and the changes of government. Mr. Robyou ought not to depreciate this woman erts will continue to be a creditor of the

A Private Roof Garden.

Those who find the city hot, dusty and intolerable have probably never spent an afternoon or evening amid the many "roof gardens" that are really the summer quarters of numerous Bostonians. One of these gardens was recently visited when the rays of the western sun were the longest. There, under a wide spreading awning the hammocks swung, and steamer chairs with head and foot rests were most invitingly scattered about. There was a little table covered with novels, and stacks of papers were weighters in India and above the rumbling of ed down with souvenir stones that told the juggernants I hear the million stories about Block island, Nova Scotia, Montana and Colorado. Another little edge of this aerial abode boxes of flowers

There were quantities of sweet pean of ferns; also a clump of morning glories But, thanks to God, this glorious Chris- that had climbed akyward to the top of

Board on Mississippi Steamers. The great Mississippi steamers which used to run as far as New Orleans and When I come to speak of womanly in-fluence, my mind always wanders off to simply magnificent, had ceased to ply one model—the aged one who. 27 years ago, we put away for the resurrection.
About 87 years ago, and just before their marriage day, my father and mother the elegant comforts to be found on board a river steamer. The fare on stood are in the old marriage to the elegant comforts to be found on board as river steamer. stood up in the old meeting house at board the American steamers I always Somerville, N. J., and took upon them the vows of the Christian. Through a long life of vicisatude she lived harmlessly and usefully and came to her end in peace. No child of want ever came to her door and was turned empty away. pany to their guests, and among these No one in sorrow came to her but was a story about Barnum, who, decomforted. No one asked her the way to be saved but she pointed him to the cross. When the angel of life came to a waiter a piece of rather thin and cerneighbor's dwelling, she was there to reneighbor's dwelling, she was there to rejoice at the starting of another immortal spirit. When the angel of death came to a neighbor's dwelling, she was there to robe the departed for the burial.

We had often heard her, when leading family prayers in the absence of my father, say, "O Lord, I ask not for my chilling to the steak that was to come. "G. A. Sale in London Telegraph.

HEADS!



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